THE *Engliſhman's* MISCELLANY:

CONTAINING,

1. The Firſt Leſſon for the Day, taken out of the firſt Chapter of the laſt Book of Patriotiſm.
2. A Song of O-F——D's. To the chief Muſician on the Organ, RALPH COURTEVILLE.
3. The ſecond Leſſon for the Day.
4. The Old Coachman.
5. The Country Girl.
6. An ODE to to a great Number of *Great Men* newly made.
7. The *Capucin*. A Song.
8. Labour in Vain.
9. Half a SIMILE on *Bath*'s Qualities.
10. A Receipt to make a P——R.
11. The Riddle Explain'd: Or, A certain late extraordinary Promotion of P--ge accounted for.
12. An EPIGRAM on *B--b* and *O——d*.
13. An EPIGRAM dropt in a Glaſs, at a certain Ballot.
14. On *Cibber*'s Declaration that he will have the laſt Word with Mr. *Pope*.
15. *Cibber*'s Anſwer.
16. The Marqueſs of *Feneloſ*'s SOLILOQUY on Lord *Carteret*'s Arrival at the *Hague*.
17. Europe ſet Right: Or, the Fox's Skin pull'd off.
18. A Brace of Marſhals in Diſtreſs.
19. Marſhal BROGLIO's Breeches.
20. The WORLD IN A HURRY: Or, The Dance of NATIONS: A Song.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

First Lesson for *Evening Service.*

The First Lesson is the First Chapter of the Last Book of PATRIOTS.

——————————— Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius plerumque ſecat Res.

1. NOW it came to paſs when G——*eorge* the King had taken ſome of the Tribes of *Patriots* into his Councils and Palaces, and honoured them with great Honours, and endowed them with great Places and P—nſ—*ion*s, he ſet his Heart at reſt, according as he was bade; inaſmuch as he was told he had now found Favour in the Sight of the *People.*

2. But the Tribes of the *Patriots* were many; nor were the Leaders of all of them ſatisfied at what the King had done.

3. Now theſe were the Tribes of the Land of *England.* There were the *Court Tribes:* Of theſe were the *W-l-p-lites*, the *P-lb-mites*, the *W-lm-ngt-nites*, the *H-rr-ngt-nites*, the *H-rv-tes*, and the *Yo-gites*; and all theſe poſſeſſed great Offices in the King's Palace.

4. And beſides theſe were the Tribes of the *Patriots*; and they were called the *P-ltn-yites*, the *Arg-lites*, the *C-rt-tites*, the *B-th-rſtites*, the *G-rites*, the *F-nchites*, the *Pit-tes*, and many more who took on them the Name of *Patriots*, who poſſeſſed *no Offices* in the King's Palaces.

5. Among theſe alſo was a Tribe, whom the *W-lp-lites* called the Sons of *Belial*, and they were the *Jacobites*:—Albeit there were not many left in the Land.

6. Now although there had been Jealouſies and Strife, and Heart-burnings among theſe Tribes for twenty Years in the Land, yet the King was bade to ſet his Heart at Reſt, as he had promoted to Honours and Offices the Chiefs of ſome of the *Patriot Tribes*, in the Manner as it is written in the Book of *Preferment*.

7. Howbeit the King could not ſet his Heart at Reſt, as he had not ſatisfied all the *Tribes* of *Patriots*, nor dealt with them according to their Heart's Deſire; for the *Arg-lites* murmur'd greatly, and thoſe called *Jacobites* had not their Term of Reproach done away: Wherefore they ſaid in their Hearts, What have we been doing? Theſe more than twenty Years Labour is even as nothing; and *Robert*, now called the *E-rl*, ſtill ruleth the Roaſt.

8. And *John*, the Chief of the *Arg-lites*, was greatly in Wrath; and *John* was a great Man, and a mighty Warrior: His Wiſdom was eſteemed abundant, and his Heart cleaved to the King, though not to *Robert* his Servant: So that his Name was much ſet by.

9. This *John*, from his great Knowledge in Political Architecture, imagined to himſelf he could beſt lay a ſolid and ſure Foundation for the Good of the King, and Welfare of the People: Wherefore he drew up a Plan of a Foundation, which extended an hundred Cubits to the *Eaſt*, an hundred to the *Weſt*, an hundred to the *North*, and an hundred to the *South*; and he called the Name thereof, the *Broad-bottom*.

10. And

10. And on this Baſis were the Hopes of all the Tribes without Diſtinction to be built; and it was to be called the *Coalition of Parties* for ever and ever.

11. In the mean Time Tidings of this *Broad-bottom* came to *Robert* the M-n-ſt-r, and Fear came upon him: Wherefore he went to the Palace of the King in Sackcloth; and he fell down to the Earth upon his Face, and ſaid,

12. O King, live for ever! Be thy Throne eſtabliſhed from Generation to Generation. If thy Servant hath ever found Favour in his Lord's Sight, let him hear the Voice of his Servant. And G—— ſaid, Ariſe, up, and ſay on.

13. Then *Robert* aroſe, and cried with a loud Voice; Albeit my Lord the King hath ſaid he will defend his Servant againſt thoſe who take Council againſt him; yet do the *Patriots* ſet themſelves againſt Me, and eke againſt Thee the Lord's Anointed.

14. *John* the *Arg-lite*, will ſuddenly come before the King, to propoſe ſomewhat called a *Broad-bottom*, which is to extend to the *Eaſt*, to the *Weſt*, to the *North*, and to the *South*. Now on this ſtrong Foundation are the Enemies of the King to build their Hopes; for on this the Sons of *Belial*, the *Jacobites*, are to come into my Lord's Favour, and have great Power. Wherefore I beſeech Thee not to hearken to the Voice of *John* the *Arg-lite*.—Truſt not, O King, the *Jacobites*, leſt peradventure Evil come upon thee in thy latter Days.—And he bowed his Head, and ſpake no more.

15. At the Name of *Jacobites* the —, as if h were bewitched by the Spell of a Wizard, fell into great Wrath, and rent his Hat from his Head, and ſmote it, and ſpurn'd it with his Feet in furious wiſe; and

and ſwore, none of that Tribe ſhould have Power *under* him, to the End that they might not have Power *over* him.

16. And *Robert* laughed in his Sleeve; as much as to ſay, *Tuſh, go to: I care not what Man can do unto me.* And his Heart was puffed up exceedingly; and he departed from the Palace with *great Glee.*

17. Now it came to paſs, in a few Days after *John* the *Arg-lite* had been appointed Captain over ten thouſands, and twenty thouſands, and forty thouſands, he went to the Palace of the King; and they communed together, and the *Broad-bottom* was mentioned.

18. And as ſoon as the Words were uttered, the —— fell in great Rage, and cried aloud, *Jacobites! Jacobites! Traitors! Traitors!* Then he was Deaf to all the Captain of War could ſay; and he turned his A— on the Captain of his Armies, and the Captain of the Armies turned his A—— on him, and ſaid, he would be no more the Captain of his Armies: And ſo they departed in *great Dudgeon.*

19. During theſe Things there was a Report among the People, that there was a *League* and *Covenant* between ſome of the Chief of the Tribes of the *Court*, and ſome of the Chief of the Tribes of the *Country*; and that in Defence of *Robert*, a mighty SCREEN ſhould be made near the Throne of the ——; and that he ſhould retire behind that SCREEN, as to a Sanctuary, and be as ſafe there, even as if he *touch'd the Horns of the Altar.*

20. There was indeed Communion among the Chiefs, and it was agreed, that from that Day for ever the *W-lp-lites* ſhould be no longer called *W-lp-lites*, but *Orf-dites*; and the *Pul--ites* ſhall be no longer called *Pul-ites*, but *B-th-ites*: And they are called ſo to this Day.

21. More-

21. Moreover that this ſhould be as a *Peace-Offering*; and, for Time to come, the *O-f--dites*, the *B--thites*, the *C-rt-r-tites*, the *P-lh-mites*, the *B-th--ſtites*, the *W-l-m-ngtonites*, the *G--rites*, the *Pit-tes*, the *H-r-r--ngtonites*, and all the Tribe of *Ites*, ſhould be as one Tribe, ſave only the *Arg--lites*, and thoſe People called by *Robert* the Sons of *Belial*, and *Jacobites*.

22. Accordingly all theſe Things came to paſs And *Robert* was made a Prince of the Land, and called *O-f--d*; and *William* was made a Prince of the Land, and called *B——h*. So alſo fared it with the other Chiefs, as had been agreed among them; and the *Patriots* became as *Courtiers*, and thoſe in Diſgrace were numbered among the Rulers of the People. And the *Courtiers* who went *In* had Compaſſion on their Brethren who went *Out*, and gave *P-nſi-ns* to them, each Man according to his *Family* and *Tribe*.

23. Now theſe are the *Acts* of the *Patriots*. And the People murmured greatly, ſaying, "What have "our Chiefs done? *In vain have our* Patriots *raged*, "*and the* People *have imagined a vain Thing*."

24. And *O-f——d* the E--l laughed to ſcorn the Murmurings of the People, ſaying, Mine Exaltation ſeemeth a Wonder in the Eyes of the People; but their Wonder will ceaſe, as Wonders now do, on the Even of the ninth Day. This is a happy Day, and I will rejoice and be glad in it.

25. Then his Coaches, and Chariots, and Horſemen, and Followers were got ready, and they went to *Ch-lſ-a* to be merry, where he ſung this Song in Praiſe of the King, who had delivered him from his Enemies.

To the Chief Muſician on the Organ,
Ralph Courteville.

A SONG of O——DS.

GOD proſper long our nobleKing
Who heard my woful Call:
To him with merry Heart I'll ſing,
Who ſav'd my dreaded Fall.

Both *Death* and *Hell* encompaſs'd me
And Terrors round aroſe.
But then I cry'd full piteouſly,
O! Screen *me from my Foes.*

He heard, he ſpake: His Royal Will
Full Royally was ſhown:
Pr-r-g-tive ſhall Screen thee ſtill
Behind my Royal Throne.

What then tho' all the People ſay
That this is all a *Farce*;
Still ſhall my merry Heart be gay,
And bid them kiſs my ——.

So Ends the Firſt Chapter of the Laſt Book of
Patriotiſm.

The

The SECOND LESSON *is the First Epiſtle of* CH-ST-RF-LD *to the* Kenſingtonians.

1. CH-ST-R-LD, called to be a *Patriot* of his Country, thro' the *Spirit* of *Liberty* and *Love* to his *Country*.

2. Unto the late Brethren called *Patriots*, now at the Royal Palace at *K-nſ-ngt-n*; to all *Britons* in general, who love *Freedom*, *Virtue*, and *Juſtice*, with all that in every Place deteſt *Venality*, *Corruption*, and *Dependancy*;

3. Grace be unto you, to be true and faithful to your Country.

4. Now, I beſeech ye Brethren, take heed concerning the Things which I write: For even among the beſt of ye, I have been aſſured, there has been *Lukewarmneſs*, *Indolence*, *private Views*, and, in ſome, a thorough *Falling-off*.

5. It hath alſo been declared unto me of ye, my Brethren, by thoſe who are of the Houſe of *Ch-rlt-n*, that ye are *Time ſervers*, *Deceivers*, and *Wordbreakers*.

6. That alſo there are Diviſions and Contentions among the younger Brethren, who have but lately had a Call to the Miniſtry: The one ſaith, I am of *O-f-d*, and another I am of *B—th*; others, I am of *C-rt--t*, I am of *S—dys*, and I of *Arg-le*.

7. Now who is *O-f——d?* He was once a *Patriot*, and ſuffered for Liberty's Sake. Twenty Years and upwards hath he ſince been a *Prime M——r*; and, What hath he done for *Liberty?* His *Patriot-*

iſm

iſm became *Corruption*, and his Profeſſions of a *Love* for *Liberty* were chang'd into Endeavours to corrupt his Country.

8. Who is *B--th?*—— The Friend of *O-f—d:*— and was, but the other Day, the profeſſed one of his Country. What hath he done for his Country? Hath he brought her Enemies to *Juſtice?* Hath he broken the Bands of *Corruption?* Hath he kept his Word with *Fr-d——k* the Prince? What then hath he done to be called *Patriotiſm?*

9. He hath changed his *Name*; and, with his *Name*, his avow'd *Principles*; and, with his *Principles*, the *Love* of his *Countrymen*, for the *Smile* of his *K——*.

10. Who are *C-rt——t* and *S——dys?* They were *Patriots:*—They are now *Courtiers* of the K—g; and, paradventure, they are become like the *K——g's old Courtiers.*

11. Verily, verily, I ſay unto you, unleſs a Man hath a ſtedfaſt Faith that the Love of *Liberty*, and of our *Country*, is to be preferred before *Honours*, *Titles*, *Promotions*, *Places*, and ſuch like, he is in much Danger to have his *Patriotiſm* ſtagger'd in *King's Palaces.*

12. *P——l——y was*, but *is not.*——Touching *Place-Bills*, *S--dys* uttereth not his Voice: He is neither for *diſplacing* nor *diſpleaſing:* There is no Poiſon of Aſps under his Lips: He ſpeaketh not: His Heart pondereth on *Ways and Means.*

13. Now, I beſeech you, Men of *Britain*, and Brethren in the Love of *Freedom*, if any one of you would be called *Patriots*, ſhould you perceive Men in any wiſe ſpeak or act contrary to their Doctrine they themſelves have taught you, contemn them as *falſe Brethren.*

14. For

14. For they that are ſuch ſerve not their Country for the Publick Weal, but their own private Lucre; and by their good Words and fair Speeches, deceive the Hearts of the Simple.

15. It hath been ſaid among the *M-n-ſt-rs* of *State*, What! Is there not Patriotiſm in a Court? Are all R-gues that enter into it?

16. I ſay not ſo: God forbid, But a *Miniſter* of *State* muſt, to be a *Patriot*, be a Friend to his Country: He muſt not only be juſt himſelf, but endeavour to bring to Juſtice whoever hath been *unjuſt*; and let Men ſo account of him, as of the *Servant* of the *King*, and *Friend* and *Steward* to the *People*.

17. Moreover it is required in Stewardſhip, that a Man rack not the Tenants over-much; that he ſpendeth not immenſe Wealth to beggar them into Slavery: For what Field will always bear large Crops of Corn, without it ſometimes lieth Fallow?

18. How long have we ſeen the Iniquities of *falſe Stewardſhip?* How long have we groaned under Affliction? How long have *Bribery* and *Corruption* kiſs'd one another? How long have *Peculation* and *Oppreſſion* gone Hand in Hand?

19. O ye Men of Palaces! hearken unto me. O Miniſters of State! give ear unto the Words of my Mouth.

20. Wo unto them who are given to *change!* Wo unto them who will not decree *righteous Decrees!* who will not follow the *Righteouſneſs* they have *preſcribed*.

21. For a Day of Viſitation ſhall come; and what, O ye falſe Patriots! will ye do in the Day of Viſitation? To whom will ye flee for Help? Where will ye flee for Succour? Where will ye leave your Glory?

22. Tho' ye ſpake with the Tongues of Men and of Angels, and have not *true Patriotiſm*, a *true Love* for your *Country*, ye are *All* as ſounding Braſs and tinkling Cymbals.

23. And tho' ye have Gifts of *Treaſuryſhips*, of *Secretaryſhips*, and have Knowledge; and tho' ye have all Faith that ye could remove *Mountains*, and have ſo little *Patriotiſm* as to remove them not, ye are as *Nothing*.

24. Tho' ye have ſpoken *Speeches*, tho' ye have made *Proteſts*, tho' ye have cried out againſt an *all-graſping* and *oppreſſive Miniſter*, and have not *Patriotiſm* to bring him to *Condemnation*, it profiteth Nothing.

25. *Patriotiſm* is vigilant and perſevering: *Patriotiſm* changeth not: *Patriotiſm* vaunteth not itſelf, nor is puffed up by *Places* or by *Honours*:

26. Doth not from *uncorruptible* become *corruptible*: Seeketh not *private Lucre*: Thinketh not of *enlarging Prerogative*.

27. Rejoiceth not in *new Taxations*; but rejoiceth in reducing the *National Debt*: And for this End.

28. Striveth at all Things; from the K— beareth all Thing; hopeth all Things; and produceth all Things.

29. *Patriotiſm* never faileth: But whether there be great Abilities, they ſhall fail; whether there be Eloquence of Tongue, that ſhall ceaſe; whether there be Knowledge, that ſhall vaniſh away: But *Patriotiſm*, the Truth of Heart, abideth for ever.

32. And now abideth great Eloquence, great Knowledge, and great Patriotiſm; theſe three: But the greateſt of Theſe is *Patriotiſm*.

So ended the Epiſtle of CHESTERFIELD *to the* KENSINGTONIANS.

The

The OLD COACHMAN:

A New Ballad.

I.

WISE *Caleb* and *C---t*, two Birds of a Feather,
went down to a Feaſt at *N-wſt--s* together,
No Matter what Wines or what Choice of good Chear,
'Tis enough that the *Coachman* had his Doſe of good
Beer. *Derry down, down, high derry down.*

II.

Coming home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate:
Poor *C----t*, in Terror, and ſcar'd all the While,
Cry'd, *Stop! let me out; is the Dog an* A—ll?
Derry down, &c.

III.

But he ſoon was convinc'd of his Error; for lo
John ſtop'd ſhort in the Dirt, and no further will go.
When *C--rt--t* ſaw this, he obſerv'd with a Laugh;
This Coachman I find is your own, my Lord B--th.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Now the Peers quit their Coach in a pitiful Plight,
Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
Not a Path to purſue, nor to guide them a Friend;
What Courſe ſhall they take then, and how will this
End. *Derry down, &c.*

V.

Lo! Chance the great Miſtreſs of human Affairs,
Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars;
Strait with Grief at their Caſe, (for the Goddeſs well knew,
That theſe were her Creatures, and Votaries true.)
Derry down, &c.

VI.

This *Chance* brought a Paſſenger quick to their Aid;
Honeſt Friend can you drive?—'What ſhould ail me? *he ſaid,*
'For many a bad Seaſon, thro' many a bad Way,
'Old *Oxford* I've driven without ſtop or ſtay.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

'He was once overturn'd, I confeſs, but not Hurt.'—
Quoth the Peers, 'It was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
'This Boon to thy Maſter, then prithee requite,
'Take us up, or here we muſt wander all Night.'
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away for St. *James*'s, and brought them ſafe in.
Learn hence, honeſt *Britons*, in ſpite of your Pains,
That *Oxford* th' Old Coachman, ſtill governs the Reins.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

The COUNTRY GIRL:
An Ode.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'Squire grows kind,
Doubts between Joy and Ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To Raptures now her Pulſe beats high,
And now ſhe fears undoing.

II.

But when the Lover with his Prayers,
His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
Holds out the proffer'd Treaſure;
She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
And quits her Virtue, and good Name,
For Profit mixt with Pleaſure.

III.

So virtuous *P——ultney*, who had long
By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song,
Held Patriotiſm's Steerage,
Yields to Ambition mixt with Gain,
A Treaſury gets for *H——arry V——ane*,
And for himſelf a Peerage.

IV.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,
H——arry's Eſtate was cover'd o'er,
This *Iriſh* Place repairs it;
Unleſs that Story ſhould be true,
That he receives but Half his Due,
And the new C——ounteſs ſhares it.

'Tis

V.

'Tis ſaid, beſides, that t'other *Harry*
Pays Half the Fees of Secretary
To *Bath*'s ennobl'd Doxy;
If ſo —— good Uſe of Pow'r ſhe makes,
The Treaſury of each Kingdom takes,
And holds them both by Proxy.

VI.

Whilſt her dear *Lord* obeys his Summons,
And leaves the noiſy *House* of *Commons*,
Amongſt the *Lords* to nod;
Where, if he's better than of old,
His Hand, perhaps, a Stick may hold,
But never more a Rod.

VII.

Unheard of let him ſlumber there,
As innocent as any *Peer*,
As prompt for any Jobb;
For now he's popular no more,
Has loſt the Power he had before,
And his beſt Friends, the Mob.

VIII.

Their Fav'rites ſhou'dn't ſoar ſo high,
They fail him when too near the Sky,
Like *Icarus*'s Wings;
And Popularity is ſuch,
As ſtill is ruin'd by the Touch
Of gracious-giving Kings.

IX.

Here then, O *Bath*! thy Empire ends,
Argyle ſhall with his Tory Friends
Soon better Days reſtore;
For *Enoch*'s Fate and thine are one,
Like him tranſlated, thou art gone
Ne'er to be heard of more.

A New ODE.

To a great Number of Great Men, *newly made,*

Jam nova Progenies.

By the Author of the COUNTRY GIRL.

SEE, a new Progeny deſcends
From Heav'n, of *Britain*'s trueſt Friends.
O Muſe, attend my Call!
To one of theſe direct thy Flight,
Or, to be ſure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

II.

O *Clio!* theſe are Golden Times;
I ſhall get Money for my Rhymes,
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haſte then, lead the Way, begin,
For here are People juſt come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

But firſt to *C*—— fain you'd ſing;
Indeed he's neareſt to the K——,
Yet careleſs how you uſe him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays;
He will but *promiſe*, if you praiſe,
And laugh if you abuſe him.

IV.

Then (but there's a vaſt Space betwixt)
The new made E. of *B*— comes next,
Stiff in his popular Pride:
His Step, his Gait, deſcribe the Man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from Side to Side.

V.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,
Now in a Fury, now in Tears,
Now Laughing, now in Sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for Liberty To-day,
And roars for Power To-morrow.

VI.

At Noon the Tories had him tight,
With ſtaunchest Whigs he ſupp'd at Night,
Each Party try'd to have won him;
But he himſelf did ſo divide,
Shuffl'd and cut from Side to Side,
That now both Parties ſhun him.

VII.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
Who at the long'd-for Money-Board
Sits firſt, but does not lead:
His younger Brethren all Things make;
So that the T————y's like a Snake,
And the Tail moves the Head.

VIII.

Why did you croſs God's good Intent?
He made you for a Pr—ſ—nt;
Back to that Station go:
Nor longer act this Farce of Power,
We know you miſs'd the Thing before,
And have not got it now.

IX.

See valiant *C—m*, valorious *S—r*,
Britain's two Thunder-Bolts of War,
Now ſtrike my raviſh'd Eye:
But, oh! their Strength and Spirits flown,
They, like their conquering Swords are grown,
Ruſty with lying by.

Dear,

X.

Dear, *Bat.* I'm glad you've got a Place,
And ſince Things thus have chang'd their Face,
You'll give Oppoſing o'er;
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like *Peter*, at the Door.

XI.

See who comes next——I kiſs thy Hands,
But not in Flattery, *S—l S—s*;
For ſince you are in Power,
That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts,
The Courtier's Wiles, the Stateſman's Arts,
Of which you'd none before.

XII.

When great impending Dangers ſhook
Its State, old *Rome* Dictators took
Judiciouſly from Plough:
So they (but at a Pinch thou knoweſt)
To make the Higheſt of the Loweſt,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

XIII.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,
Did it not make your Brain go round?
Did it not turn your Head?
I fancy (but you hate a Joke)
You felt, as *Nell* did when ſhe 'woke
In Lady *Loverule*'s Bed.

XIV.

See *H— V—e* in Pomp appear,
And ſince he's made V—e T———
Grown taller by ſome Inches:
See *Tw——* follow *C——t*'s Call;
See *Hanoverian G—r*, and all
The black Funeral *F——s*.

And

XV.

And ſee with that important Face
Beranger's Clerk, to take his Place,
Into the T———y come.
With Pride and Meanneſs act thy Part,
Thou look'd the very Thing thou art,
Thou *Bourgeois gentilhomme*.

XVI.

Oh my poor Country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall
Of *Wa—le* and his Tools?
He was a Knave indeed — what then?
He'd Parts — but this new Set of Men
A'n't only Knaves, but Fools.

XVII.

More Changes better Times, this Iſle
Demands; oh! *Cheſterfield*, *Argyle*,
To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em:
Unite all Hearts, appeaſe each Storm,
'Tis yours ſuch Actions to perform,
My Pride ſhall be to ſing 'em.

The CAPUCIN.

A New BALLAD. To the Tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus *& eſt mihi ſæpe vocandus.*

I.

WHO at *Paris* has been,
has a *Mendicant* ſeen,
Who for Charity follows to dun you,
Offer him what you will,
He refuſes it ſtill;
For he'as ſwore that he'll never take Money.

But

II.

But near him there ſtands,
With two open Hands,
A Creature that follows for Hire;
Any Gifts that you make,
He'll readily take;
And at Night he accounts with the Fryar.

III.

So the great E—— of *B*——,
Has ſworn in his Wrath,
That he'll never accept of a Place;
Neither Chancellor he,
Nor Treaſurer will be,
And refuſes the Seals and the Mace.

IV.

But near him * a Crowd,
Stand bellowing aloud,
For all that two Courts can afford;
And 'tis very well known,
That for them what is done,
Is the ſame as if done for my Lord.

V.

But I'm told, noble Peer,
Leſt theſe Things ſhould take Air,
And with Dirt all Mankind ſhould upbraid ye,
That you try a new Way,
['Tis as ſafe I dear ſay,]
And make them account with my Lady.

---

* A Crowd. *Here every intelligent Reader will immediately have in his Thoughts eight or ten of the ableſt Men and greateſt Genius's in this Kingdom, ſuch as* H. V——, H. F——ſe, *L——d* L——k, *Mr.* Hoo——r, *Mr.* S——l S——s, *Mr.* B——le, *Mr.* G——n, *Sir* J. R——t, &c. &c. &c.

But

VI.

But indeed this won't do,
And the World will ſee through,
And your *Virtue* I fear will beſpatter:
Then mind what I ſend,
For I'm ſo far your Friend
That I'm ſure you can't ſay that I flatter.

VII.

There's my good Lord of *G——r*
I'n't a Quarter came o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants Zeal;
If he don't come plump in,
And vote through Thick and Thin,
Turn him out and be made P—— S——l.

VIII.

Don't ſlight this Advice,
Nor affect to be nice,
Laugh at Oaths that obſtruct your great End;
For an Oath's but a Joke,
To one that has broke
Through all Honours and Tyes with his Friends.

IX.

Go to *C--t---t* and *P-l--m*,
You'll ſtill go on, tell 'em,
All honeſt Men's Hopes to defeat;
To crown your Diſgrace
They'd give you this Place,
And your Character will be compleat.

LABOUR in VAIN.

To the Tune of Molly Mogg.

I.

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have ſtruggled our Rights to maintain:
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And ſee them all ended in Vain.

II.

Behold! in the Front ſtands your Hero,
Behind him his Patriot Train:
Hear him rail at a Tyrant and *Nero*;
Yet his Railing all ended in Vain.

III.

Then ſee him attack a Convention,
And calling for Vengeance on *Spain*:
What Pity ſuch noble Contention
And Spirits ſhould end all in Vain!

IV.

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
Was only a Shadow, is plain:
For now 'tis a clear Demonſtration,
The Subſtance is ended in Vain.

V.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers ſuch Pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That *Or—d*'s a Traitor in Grain;
Yet wiſer than they may compound,
And Juſtice be ended in Vain.

How

VII.

How certain would be our Undoing,
Should the People their Wiſhes obtain?
Then to ſave us from Danger of Ruin,
He has ended our Wiſhes in Vain.

VIII.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our Paſſion to rein,
And wiſely prevented the Bad,
By ending the Good all in Vain.

IX.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* diſagree,
We won't from our Praiſes refrain;
Our *Brutus* has more Cauſe than he
To declare even Virtue in Vain.

X.

Three Thouſand five Hundred a Year,
He valu'd it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of ſuch Filth is moſt clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T——, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XII.

He rejects all Employments and Places,
And thinks ev'ry Penſion a Stain;
Yet T—— with their damn'd ſly Faces,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XIII.

In ſpite of his Caution and Care,
To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
Say thoſe Tories, his Wife has a Share,
And all is not ended in Vain.

The

Half a Simile *on* Bath's *Qualities.*

THE BATH, tis ſaid, gives Braſs a Hue
So like to Gold, that it ſeems true;
Yet on the Trial 'twill not paſs
For any Thing but real Braſs;
For though it makes a ſpecious Show,
There's no intrinſic Worth we know.
So——So——
What? where's the Application?——
--O! that I leave to all the the Nation.

A Receipt to make a P--r, occaſioned by the Report of a late P——n.

TAKE a Man who by Nature's a true Son of Earth,
By Rapine enrich'd, tho' a Beggar by Birth;
Of Genius the loweſt, ill bred and obſcene,
Of Morals moſt wicked, moſt naſty in Mien,
By none ever truſted, yet ever employ'd,
In Blunders moſt fertile, of Merit quite void:
A Scold in the Senate, abroad a Buffoon;
The Scorn and the Jeſt of all C——ts but his own;
A Slave to that Wealth which ne'er made him a Friend,
And proud of that Cunning which ne'er gain'd an End;
A Dupe in each Treaty, a *Swiſs* in each Vote,
In Manners and Form a compleat *Hottentot*.
Such a one could you find, of all Men I'd commend him,
But before let the Curſe of each *Britain* attend him.

Thus fitly prepar'd, add the Grace of a Thr—ne,
The Folly of M—n—chs, and Screen of a Cr—n.
Take a Pr—ce for this purpoſe without Ears or Eyes,
And a long Parchment P—t—nt ſtuft brimful of Lyes:
Theſe mingled together, a *Fiat* ſhall paſs,
And a Thing ſtrut a P—r that before was an Aſs.
Probatum eſt.

The RIDDLE EXPLAIN'D:

Or, A certain late Extraordinary Promotion to a P—ge accounted for.

——*Concors diſcordia*—— Ovid.

TO ſome 'tis ſtrange that equal Honours now
Shou'd grace a *Walpole*'s and a *Pulteney* Brow:
That *They*, who long with unrelenting Heat,
At Heads of diſagreeing Parties ſate:
Who Wars continual, in St. *Stephen*'s, wag'd,
Led on the Hoſts, and with ſuch Heat engag'd;
That *They* ſo widely diff'rent, ſhould deſerve,
From the ſame P—ce, (whom but one ſeem'd to ſerve)
The ſame Reward! But, ah! they little know
The Wiles of C—rt—rs who can reaſon ſo!
Believe me, Friends, the *Riddle*'s ſoon explain'd:
On Rival Schemes intent themſelves they feign'd,
Which Others really were; and by this Shew
Of mutual Enmity, they wiſely drew
Both Sides into their Snares, of Both the Secrets knew;
Still ſeeming Diff'rent, ſtill in Fact the Same,
Into Each Other's Hands they play'd the Game;
The Self-ſame End purſu'd, by Various Means,
ONE *on the Stage, and* ONE *behind the Scenes.*

An

An Epigram *on* B--- *and* O----.

OF Old, folks confeſs from their Sins to be free;
But the Modern Way's better by half:
Sir *Robert* at *Orford* was dipt in the Sea,
And *Pulteney* leapt into the *Bath*.

An Epigram, *dropt in a Glaſs, at a certain Ballot.*

THY Horſe, like thee, does Things by Halves;
Thou through Irreſolution,
Hurts Friends and Foes, thyſelf and me,
The K--g and Conſtitution.

On Cibber's *Declaration that he will have the laſt Word with Mr.* Pope.

QUOTH CIBBER to POPE, tho' in Verſe you foreclose
I'll have the laſt Word, for by G-d I'll write Proſe.
Poor COLLEY, thy Reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

Cibber's *Anſwer.*

DEAR POPE, tho' you have, I have not the Temerity,
To think of ſurviving to talk to Poſterity;
I ſaid what I mean't, and it is not abſurd,
That with you Mr. POPE, I will have the laſt Word.

The Marqueſs of Fenelon's SILILOQUY *on Lord* Carteret's *Arrival at the* Hague.

WHAT! is *Carteret* come? cries *Fenelon*——
Morbleu!
To *One* Stateſman of *France* muſt then *Britain* ſend
Two?
Ye *Britons* ſo wiſe, ye this Trouble might ſpare;
For, *Begar*, I'd enough--and too much of your *Stair*.

EUROPE SET RIGHT: *Or, The Fox's Skin pull'd off.*

'TILL *W-lp-le* retreated all Europe believ'd
The Wiſdom of *Fleury*.--But all were deceiv'd.
The Knight from the Steerage in *Br-t--n* remov'd,
To have a new Pilot in France it behov'd:
For under his Eminence quickly 'twas found,
'Twould be no hard Matter to run her a Ground.
O *Lewis!* from hence thy late Grandeur did riſe,
From *W—lp—le* the *Dupe*, not from *Fleury* the *Wiſe*.

A Brace of Marſhals *in Diſtreſs.*

QUO' the Marſhal *Culote*, with an ill-natur'd Smile
To the grand Politician, his Brother *Belliſle*
Lo the Paſs which your fine Negotiations have brought us,
Pent up here at *Prague* by the *Auſtrians*, who've caught us;
Sure ne'er have I been in ſo deſp'rate a Caſe.
Peace, Peace, cries *Belliſle*, Brother Marſhal pray Peace;
Why

Why ſure you've forgot th' *Italian* laſt War,
When ſeiz'd in your Shirt by the *German Huſſar*,
Your Breeches in one Hand, your Garters in t'other,
Running off in a Fright—what ſay you, good Brother?
Wa'n't your Caſe then as bad? I think rather worſe,
If you call in Remembrance the Kick on the A--ſe.

Marſhal Broglio's *Breeches.*

WHEN erſt the gallant *Koningſegg*
(As in the News we've heard from the *Hague*)
Had ſtorm'd poor *Broglio*'s Quarters;
A fierce *Huſſar* ſeiz'd on the Chief,
As he was ſaving with his Life,
His Breeches and his Garters.
Diſturbing a Marſhal of *France* in the Night,
Is not *à la mode à Paris*, or polite.
Who're you? quoth th' *Huſſar*. Monſieur ſhook,
Said I'm his Excellency's Cook;
No Follower of the Drum.
Hounds-foot! replies the *German* quick,
Begone with that; ſo with a Kick
Salutes the Marſhal's Bum.
Diſgraceful! of War how capricious the Chance!
A *German Huſſar* kicks a Marſhal of *France*.
But *Broglio*, ſay, wou'dſt not be glad,
In ſpite of all thy Gaſconade,
Sans Breeches or a Rag,
To be as fairly now diſmiſt,
By ſuch another kicking Jeſt,
From young *Lorrain* and *Prague*?
Since thus one is drove to ſo piteous a taking,
Who the De'il would again go an Emperor-making?

The

The WORLD in a HURRY: Or, *The Dance of Nations.*

A New BALLAD.

I.

THE World's in a *Hurry*--What is it about?
Or why, O ye Monarchs! d'ye make ſuch a Rout?
Contend ye for *Int'reſt*, or *Humour*, or *Pride?*
No *Honour* there can be---at leaſt on *one* Side.
Ruſſia, *Sweden*, *Hungary*, *Pruſſia*, and *France*,
Spain, *England*, *Sardinia*, all join in the Dance?

II.

My Verſe was too *ſhort*, or it gently might touch
Modena, *Don Carlos*, the *Emp'ror*, and *Dutch:*
But to dwell on *Diſtreſs*, my Muſe would not chuſe it;
For *Two* have no *Land*, and a *Third* may ſoon loſe it.
Ruſſia, *Sweden*, *Hungary*, *Pruſſia*, and *France*,
Spain, *England*, *Sardinia*, make up the whole Dance.

III.

Ye *Numbers* of *Pope*, or ye *Periods* of *Murray*,
Aſſiſt me a while, to deſcribe this great Hurry!
Without ye 'twill ſomewhat extenuate my Folly,
That at leaſt I ſhall riſe to *Tom Durfey*, or *Colley*.
Ruſſia, *Sweden*, *Hungary*, *Pruſſia*, and *France*,
Spain, *England*, *Sardinia*, come lead up your Dance.

IV.

Lo! *England* begins; (for *Spain* gave the Affront)
Yet what did her *Sons*, except *Vernon* the Blunt?
In a Hurry he took *Porto-Bello* and *Chagre:*
But *Robin* took Care no one elſe was ſo *eager*,
At laſt *Pruſſia*, *Hungary*, *Poland*, and *France*,
Ruſſia, *Sweden* came in too, and *briſk* was the Dance.

Excited

V.

Excited by Faction, and paid by *French* Gold,
The *Swedes ſail* to *Finland* with Courage moſt bold:
They thought to recover their Claims in a Trice;—
But now they may be glad to *run back* o'er the Ice.
Tho' *Lewenhaupt* moves like a *Pupil* of *France*,
Count *Laſci*, we ſee, has the beſt of the Dance.

VI.

Increaſe of Dominion mov'd *Pruſſia* to War;
A Kingdom and *Empire* decoy'd the *Bavar*;
But ſcarce know we *what* put the *Saxe* in a Fury:
Tho' doubtleſs they all had their Motives from *Fleury*,
Thus *harraſs'd* by Neighbours, ſtill *hurry'd* by *France*,
The Lady was almoſt run down in the Dance.

VII.

But O Queen of *Hungary!* what had'ſt thou done,
Poor innocent Dame, to be thus over-run?
Sure nothing!--and therefore thy *Strength* was reſtor'd,
Thy *Cauſe* won the Conqueſt when feeble thy *Sword*.
Now *Pruſſia* and *Poland* grow weary of *France*,
Her Marſhals are *lam'd* in the Midſt of the Dance.

VIII.

Yet ſtill in a *Hurry* new Armies ſhe ſends,
The *Foes* of all Parties, tho' nominal *Friends*.
O *Charles!* may thy *Cannon* diſſolve the Intrigue,
And e'er their Arrival ſecure thee in *Prague*.
Then heigh for a Ball with *two Marſhals* of *France*,
And thou, *Maillebois!* may'ſt come in for a Dance.

IX.

We too in the Buſtle come in for our Share;
For what do we want to *begin*--but *declare?*
The *French* in a Hurry *repair Dunkirk* Town,
And *We* in as much may perhaps *knock it down*,
Our *Nobles* and *Gentry* all draw near to *France*,
And ſure the *Monſieurs* will oblige with a Dance!

X.

The ** too, 'tis *ſaid*, will his Perſon expoſe,
(God ſave him) and take *de Noailles* by the Noſe;
O *L-w-s!* would'ſt thou too but come in the Field,
A Pair of ſuch ***'s the World could not yield!
Then heigh Boys for *England!* and heigh Boys for *France!*
And this Way, and that Way, and ſo they ſhould dance.

XI.

But ſtill the *Dutch Hogans*, more ſubject to Phlegm,
Would feign have the *Lead*, e'er they come to th' Extreme.
With ſhuffling, and cutting, and parrying-off Blows,
We have but *half Friends*, and the *French* ſcarce *half Foes.*
But would they too *hurry*, and croſs it with *France*, *England*, *Auſtria*, and *Pruſſia* might ſoon end the Dance.

XII.

That *Stair* may ſucceed let us pray all and one,
And baffle *de Gilles*, and defeat *Fenelon*;
That ſoon throughout *Europe* all *Diſcord may ceaſe*,
And *France* not be *able* to trouble her Peace.——
Then *Spain*, *England*, *Hungary*, *Pruſſia*, and *France*, *Sweden*, *Ruſſia*, *Sardinia*, in *Friendſhip* may dance

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